

christoper donahue's Dover

1. wandering

During the summer 5th Grade ended, I experimented with sleep deprivation. I watched movies, worked on my watercolors and simply looked for the unknown. At that point in life even a speck of adventure made my beating heart swell and nourished my overactive imagination. But something seemed out of reach which I was determined to find.

One night I prepared an outfit packed full with survival gear to journey around my town as some kind of character from a comic book. I hid from others who passed by. Fear their kind kind at such a late hour in a low income environment. As i strolled in darkness far passed the busy town's curfew, I found a cooler calm away from the heat rays of the boiling sun.

When I arrived at the empty public school, desire drove me to revisit the football fields. Before my focus became distorted I dreamed of receiving the passionate cheers from adoring fans for my achievements. But instead of wallowing in what I didn't do, I leaped from bleacher to bleacher, graceful as a ninja, and created my own state to entertain the empty seats.

As the dawn set upon the town again, a comforting warmth followed the light revealed my little game, although my fear had already vanished. I decided to announce myself to the morning traffic in a playground on a swing set located next to a spot light on a congested road. as i wildly swung to and fro, I sang nameless songs that floated around in my head for the sole purpose to express joy.

When i finally found my way back home it was odd. Everything was the same but I felt a bit out of place. There I was back to watch the struggles and difficulties life produced. As I took one last glance I thought how dull a work day can be as its cloudy sky hides the vast universe of stars.

2. Morning

Bright sunshine mourning! Mysterious repetition to the wonder this grand spectral will have on me. I've played the observer, watching all the chessboard figures move about me, and some have struck in to an inevitable abyss of tragedy to their fate. When will this matter seis? To what will be the outcome of this brief candle? To envision the conspiracy of burry-ing a mortar perhaps a fool with overwhelming conscience? Or will my body be flung from a crowd of hands lifting me above their own life? Will never know, will never know, all we get is prediction. Old dear companion, great force, oh existence, and oh what seems to be an endless journey, dear sweet rich but bitter love. At any particular time may we be snatched from this domain.

Aw, feel that iceberg mountain mist fresh as ever fresh pass through naked as bone bare I stand here. A product of a recycled kingdom by a higher strength greater than all.

This isolation creates freedom for revealing myself in entirety for this concealed

world of fabric. Any interaction to others my power is limited, but necessary so I may maintain and accomplish the responsibilities that have been felt to me. to just one day let everything slip by could easily be the destruction of life as we know. My lucidity is peaking at present position... nothing here to lend me astray.

Here, right now exactly!... Ever just find yourself at any given moment at any given time? Ever feel exiled from something much greater... even... do I dare announce (mankind's arch enemy) the craving for perfection (the original sin).

Ever want to abandon and expel in flight to soar out from this mortal coil. To have supernatural might and to have all your wishes, secret desires, and fancies granted. Be able to just rub off your bothers with a quiver at the fingertip. Pardon all with a blink of an eye? Festivals crowds of dancing singing at any given time at any particular moment? To drown in sleep? Never. I repeat never. For a path to perfection leads to nothing of human conquest. I stand here where I stay for there's security in dullness.

Arise, Arise demons, disciples and diplomats, dogs scolded by labors, dead corpses with cancelled hope arise to the day arise. I shall Join you in kinship and try to make the best of what we have here.

3. From which the purpose breaks

part 1. The garbage man

pinned lists strapped down tight to harness, leather belt does the job right, stir-up clamps for legs, gynecologist naked skin use duty, spread the river wide, parting of the red seas, inspection detail of the downstairs area. Moses' hard (tall as a tree) staff shrunk to serpent shape soft and hanging from present position in wet drops of dark stone leaking with grown fungus dripping dungeon.

and there's nothing to be accomplished for escape. that screeching mumbling coming from the stuffed mouth full of a worn out athlete's foot sock (with duct tape around for the complete seal) is trying me for guilt. too bad poor victimized tatted baby, it won't do!

Being the jack the ripper operation, dissecting study of how genitals look detached from their owner without a clean cut. Tears and sweat make his hair a janitor's soaked mop. Eyes drowning with remorse for all of his abrasive ridicule degreting my soul beyond the tome of a shallow grave. Hmmm... no, ha, ha, let him suffer long as a soprano and live with a permanent lisp. Only detach a biting grin of a full dental fresh smile (blood on the pearly whites) to show I forgive him. Or her? or it?

Inside the trash man who muscles another pail after another from the curb, next to a driveway, empty it empty in the big green mean machine garbage truck. One can carried on each glove swinging, fall all types of colors, direful rainbow (always unpleasant to the nostrils) a stinging pain, oh the wish of the laundry clip on warner bros. bugs and daffy cartoons, better breathe through the mouth, what do these people eat dirty diapers!

Falling Autumn colors, too bad it ain't nice to the nose leaves. Ok Sir, and to

excavate the aluminum properly, just too the container over anywhere good to right of the house. Bang Boom, crash bang, meow ran the alley cat. Ah don't sweat the vibrations heard, everyone's too unconscious to even tickle their attention.

The town's worker professional mechanics had become so ordinary and monotonous he gave not a single solitary thought towards how to do the natural subject at hand but instead:

'from the split second sight first meeting it was known of his inner spirit. It was those beady eyes, tale tell beady eyes like he's trying to jump through the kitchen home cooking window and rob your soul. He was too relaxed at the introduction, little bit too laid back mood for my taste. Then his mouth motioned full of toilet liquid spit and he's all (self absorbed as they get) "I wonder if you wouldn't mind if I take the wheel, my arthritis is acting up again and I can barely move my fingers." Ok sure he had a good enough reason but on the first day you should over exuberating and taking the pain. How can he let himself be displayed like that less amounts of weakness have been gay bashed. Is he as square as a 3 dollar bill? Or could maybe just be he was depending on my reaction? '

'Could it be he was just testing me?' 'Should I have made maybe mightier motions with less hand movements; "So I 'm an idiot McCarthy I admit." Whenever those circumstances return I shall now have knowledge of responding coping skills. Stubborn as a mule is the way to travel right to even equal rights paradise. who-ray!

"If you want something you don't ask greedily slobbering, you must take it and shut your face. Sad truths have sad actions."

The truck waterfalls down the second of Clark Streets camel lumpy town hills below the graveyard. He glances, as descending, above his trash containers to the house where the everybody deposited of glad bags live. Up above to the top of their great wall of China, lies Camelot, structures of their architectures delicate woods, concealing their secrets. A feeling of jealousy enters him as he weighs his wealth to theirs.

'I'll lay my money on the table, ten to one odds the occupants don't enjoy that castle the way their builder wanted it treated; You only need but look at the treasures Aladin to justify my phrase: lying beside broken egg shells, dirty tampons and vomit stench of unknown substance; ah underneath emanating post fish dinner wrapped in putrid slop, and other parts of their deposited kitten eatery ora. Whoa! Is this chair some kind of antique, Royal Crown, Victorian Chip and Dale, Or Shaker? Ali Baba has nothing to compare to this perfumed jewelry. All it needs is a little fixer upper; maybe tooth brush it over a bit with a gentle wipe. Little spit and polish never hurt. Swabbing the treasure Island pirate eyepatch deck. And off with the barnacles me hearties! Elbow grease would do the job success. How long did it take to complete the Sistine Mike? How long will it take for my masterpiece?

When its done complete in organic manner go off to a hot shop to be swindled by a slick oiled black hair, combed back, thin mustache, hitler shape, pimp polyester shine suit, and when I return to my dirt collector door mat I'll be able to be the proud digested response as an owner of a brand spanking new crinkled up bill of Washington. "oh Boy

Big whoop” Every morning my telescope view , keeps the direction of staying at the same perspective, same house, same trash, same death of life.

The town’s worker (who was positioned on the sidewalk) looked up above his clients wall to the second story multiple squares. Windows light lights up. At one transparent glass shape flaming through the mesh woven curtains. She became wakeful as she extended her fairy like (welcome to morning) arms forming a similar posture of the holy cross. “she is divine”

The motionless enchanted town (with drooping pail in hand) fantasizes (from the street corner near the back of the truck). The entire globe halts, stops rotating, and becomes less complex. (just him and her alone). He stood still, everything freezes into crystal, a rainbow paintbrush decorated sparkling the surroundings. No motion, not moving, everything remained stationary, except her colorful twisting double jointed belly dancing the waltz in Rockefeller center. Candle lit starry night with snow falling. A virginal scent.

He maintained his balance, but warm intense sensations arose in his chest, heated with an ardent flame of complete beauty. “What is the name of this Rose?” He whispered exhaling the morning dew.

Suddenly across from her, floated in another glowing window flashed a blob of abrasive moving mass, tumbling by, heading over to her. Almost automatically she fell. As the blob coward over. The town’s worker eyes pained trying to focus on what was happening inside. The walls choked the summered abuse heard on to the street corner.

“hey Buddy, stop your gawking and get back to work, ya zombie” The town worker jolted from the interruption by his partner’s noise, and then (quietly) did as he was ordered but mumbled out something and thought of the simalities between the two abuses: ‘how dare he order me, he can’t even add! What value of worth does he think he has if he can’t even add?’

A wish to have change occurs in him; the envy of the lifestyle of her demon spouse: ‘In the morning we wouldn’t be exchanging arm motion and hair grabbing madness, but instead, embracing each other with a incense vapor of sex, laying back with her head tickling my chest hair with her breath. Breathe in her sweated out steaming used shampoo perfume. Take a whiff from the filter exhale a fresh fire of a thurible nicotine addiction tobacco. Sue the memories of aroma. Of course I’ll rotate my head (so I don’t spread my disease on to her) facing the window. I’ll look out down past my front yard’s morning dew and hear spring birds chirping. Then my pupils will transcend through the fog to watch my garbage low life co worker(while scooping my feces) glance up at me in his own personal dreamworld. But get interrupted and get the repulsiveness kicked out of him as a punishment for beating hi wife!’ ‘In the end my co-annoying worker would get it in the shower. As the spraying deodorizes the others’ sweat the water will wash away the blood from his smashed skull, flowing into the drain.

Lobotomy. As he’s naked in a curved position with an open mind; soap will lather up suds to finish him off.’

They rode off, bracing to the narrow bar at the backside of the garbage truck. Cold early morning wind stung their faces making pink cheeks appear. The town's worker held the brim of his baseball cap to prevent its flight from occurring.

When the truck's tires did desist, the worker leaped back into the routine of hurling. 'one potato, two potato, three potato four.' The coworker (digging among the waste) found a shredded campaign poster for the mayor of Dover elections. "And no what do we find here among the fruits of mildew how ironic!"

"What are you blabbing on about?" questioned the town worker.

"I mean he won didn't he?"

"how should I know, what do I like the encyclopedia of Dover History.

The coworker looked from his coworker to the poster in bewilderment. "Look just throw it in the bin man we got a lot more blocks to go!" ended the town's worker social intercourse.

Part 2 The other Garbage man

'Would it have been more proper to actually let loose my formed conclusion on the matter verbally?' thought the town worker. 'Almighty lord I've seen the error in my ways and now that old conscience of white light is rendering my eyes brainwashed. I'm just thankful I don't need to pamper his intellectual, Mr. main man king of the chessboard self all the live long day. I must get a transfer sometime today or this week or this month or this year or this century, ah, forget it. I wish this pigsty of a company would slip me back six months ago where I had passion for both my job and her. Do I still love her? Yes.

The town worker recalls a post job before his trash can exercise when he worked co-side of a affair who left him to return back to her husband.

"Please forgive me. I seriously feel we need distance. It feels like all I am here for, is to release your frustrations, and I'm tired of lying in bed, next to someone (sleeping) who I know cares for me and is faithful. If I proceed with this relationship anymore I don't think I will be able to live with myself. You knew this wouldn't last didn't you? didn't you? didn't you? didn't you? didn't you? didn't you?"

"well actually; no" 'I am going to miss you forever my flower. All I have to replace you is our photo sexual memories stuck to the back of my bedroom mind exciting my fluids to get me through the day. Did you seduce your husband the same way as you slipped your hand inside my trousers? Was your orgasmic excitement only but phony made up acts just to help my esteem and adequacy?

How is your husband face (circumsized or not?) Is it a large proportional shape bending tearing wounded activity? Maybe a banana to slip on fulfilling joyous screaming

sums?

Was it my natural perfume that made her scatter out so fast? Does my stench emirate more than public bathrooms of homeless shelters? The violent perturbing smell. The stench from the fiery pits of hell. Sour chunky milk. Swampland foul bog. Anal halitosis. Reeking rancid repulsiveness offending nostrils all across the continent.

"I bet some guy in California is vomiting just because of me. The perfumed tincture of roses!" But what can I do after I've taken five showers a day and I still reek? Answer...Bleach?

In the we've grown from dirt but reveled against it and brought in the perfect commercial value of hygiene for everyone to have the cover of the book more important than the story. Everyone looks up and gains a self esteem as warm as a winter's rock Leading to thee only one conclusion stab the esophagus and spill out all the impurity of the human soul.

Battling till the final blow is accomplished in the heart of a fresh scent imperative sentence. Taking action to problems. Fixing and adjusting situations.

So why when calling my broken off rosebud I must embrace the phone as it rings, jittering walking, back and forth, going crazy in the head with a ocean full of emotion and throw down the phone as soon as it sounds like it has been picked up? Cowardliness?

Am I a coward for not telling my coworker my true feelings about the issue of politics? No. I don't have to obligate myself into something I'm sure that will lead to uncontrolled debate of high hostility without a moderator. In other words a general argument of donge.

Of course decisions need to be affirmed and structured, but all these politically correct opinions and bias views towards life often get too offending personal. If I got in a conversation argument with my peer it would end in utter chaos, he's too stubborn to admit to error but really isn't everybody or is that just me?

This matter, this fungus has grown from the dysfunctional family tree of evolution like in the early revolutionary days of delaware crossing fathers, only white men with loaded pockets could subscribe to the ballot to voice their choice which is of course understood pertaining to that the everyday Ok average Joe Shmoe (smelly even with a monthly shower).

Didn't know phonies from Z to A to left to right although as time has rolled on the reproductions and imports the "big man" brought down the standards and gave it to every poor white male leading to the Civil War abolishing letting the minorities vote and pretty soon with a lot of screaming riots they made the deaf white house listen and everybody shared equality that honorable spectacle of punching a check into the slip of the limited leader choices.

With this supposed freedom of speech started the feeling of quivering at the kneecaps, this fear of the masses ignorance so they invented the electoral college. Ya the system to decide everyone's honorable choice even if we do disagree. Its because everybody is never going to change and now people really don't care about voting and they have to be forced by the electric mind melting yellow journalism TV set to get out to the polls so idiots can register and junk.

Either the television will peer pressure them or their parents family tradition rubs off

and gets handed down through the years and into their head. Its all a game where we all go at the same speed constantly or go back to the beginning and start all over again.

4. Survival

The fixation was his behavior. Forced persistence to beat the morning gridlock presented dampness across forehead and under his arms. The tardy slip already went over the limits his company's policy. The employer had numerous accounts delayed arrives. When arriving to work he rushed in silent as possible but seemed to be noticed by heated observation.

Scarring around hoping like a rabbit, one room to the next, "I'm late, I'm late." Did he overlook any excess accessories essential for work. Everything seemed in order; Slacks were buttoned, socks were laced with a double bow, shirt was tucked in from all angles, sweater was on to prevent the cold draft to run through and the sports coat perfected his attire.

Still to be initiated , briefcase by the front door and morning cup of java which was cooling off on the dinette table. Neither object proposed any problems. As spectacles adjusted with index finger in front of the mirror propped up against the living room's wall, he noticed nothing between his shirt collar flaps except a button.

"Where in the hell is my tie" vented the scratched head, hoping to revive memory.

On the second level of the house his wife sighed. Their child through a cracked open door with a silent compassionate stare in a gentle type of pleasant bliss. His curled infantile posture reminded her of when she carried during their pregnancy. She felt moisture beginning to fill her eye, when all of a sudden she heard a terrible shout. Her name echoed, bouncing around from her right earlobe over back again incessantly, if she had had a church bell being gonged inside her head.

The surprised mother laid her hand upon her chest for fear she was about to have a heart attack. As soon as she was certain her baby wasn't awakening she wasn't going to faint, her heart swelled thin of tolerance for her unconfident husband.

"This had better be good" she whispered to herself gently fuming all of rage together as she gently descended the staircase and lowered herself to his level.

When the wife reached the frantic image of her troubled husband turning in circles. He saw that she had that beating look in her eyes just like the time he degraded her mother. He swallowed his fear and tried to remind himself that he wore the pants in the family.

"You almost woke the baby up! What is it?...well?...what? demanded his wife.

"Hon, I'm so late right now the boss is carving my tome as we speak, can ya tell me where did ya put my tie?" asked the husband trying to keep to the search. The wife swerved her head in a steady rotation...seeking...seeking...

"There it is "she pointed out to the husband, "on the side of the mirror exactly

where you left it yesterday if I remember correctly.”

Not only did Imbaressment lower the husband’s height also his gravity in words as he grumbled a rapid “Thank You.”

That phrase brought disappointment to selfish pride and suggested remorse for his volume when calling up to his wife. The relaxed wife did her best to conceal her devilish grin.

As they released the lips from their morning kiss they both saw each other reflection in the other’s pupils and noticed how small and meaningless their argument was.

When the dented cream door went ajar, he looked backward through the mesh screen for a photographic last glance of his waving wife’s farewell. He carefully degripped himself from the handle as it met natural position again so it wouldn’t make any unnecessary commotion that might wake their child.

His wife’s worn face was in the exact expression when she had fixed him a breakfast in bed. He remembered how creative she made his meal seem with two open eye eggs each on a piece of yolk soaked toast, three aromatizing long wrinkled bacon strip in the shape of a smile and a tall glass of citrus in the center to symbolize an orange nose.

She hadn’t the energy to do that ever since the baby had been born. Or was it the will she lacked?

Fear predicted they might grow apart. What if divorce? He didn’t want his child to grow in a shattered cold home. He had seen the effects that brought out.

As he neared the sidewalk he noticed how lovely an brisk Autumn day. This would be to start the repair of that leaky roof his wife had been complaining about. He had always wanted to take the initiative but never got the chance because his work constantly tired him out.

Could he amend and tighten any loose ends in their relationship before it was too late? Yes, all he had to do was call his boss and tell her to stick that crumby job up where the sun don’t shine.

What if some terrible accident happened to his family and destroyed hi future dreams of moving somewhere else more down to earth then Dover could ever be this day and age.

He opened his car door, and put the key in the ignition, but still, there was something that held him back. Before he turned the key to start the engine, he sat in introspection measuring the effects of his decision. He knew his responsibilities asked for the maintenance of income in his household. He had to provide the basic needs for his family to survive.

So with that he drove away as rapid as car could take him so hopefully he might be able to make it to work on time.

5. Thank you Typewriter

OK Dr. where when the alarm my children and I shouldn't have left them alone a basement window dark even with light from bulbs hanging by a wire boxes piled high hunger and curiosity a trap broken back still Road in the door leading to the other rooms two brothers wonder if they are able to make food from in animate object's inanimate objects go on try it OK you don't have to eat it but I'm starved sick empty and tasteless filled with hunger disrespect single and divorced mother they did not order a word because we knew there was nothing throwing the dead rat across the room by it's tail he heard it hit something in the darkness we giggled as they open the door to the dirt Florida room they switched on a lightbulb swaying from the ceiling via wire they had to jump up-and-down and if they did not have to go in the room or in the basement mom wanted us to rake the leaves outside I miss you mom I miss living I drank the pain and my younger brother ain't the paint chips love and light to the workbench with dad this dust inch stick completely covering everything light gray love and light to the cobwebs caught in their hair love and light to you are bouncing laughter tangles in them mouth being spit out are you OK yeah yeah yeah clouds gather wind water drops full on red and yellow leaves fall breeze leaves fall from trees and it is scattered showers here place of rest people morning visit visits and underground rotting into soil into soil small monuments on green grass manicured by care taker staff one of the staff walked over Orono an approach to man kneeling above a tombstone Greystone car carved name and the dates of lifeline words numbers characters sir son is almost set we will be closing soon sir you will have to leave this is another anniversary I return to the grave of the person who robbed me of my right hand the grizzly beard of the staff fell and eyes widen A thin metal claw set in place to scare the child and all of us I am sorry I will leave you wait 10 minutes more the staff person walked away in the distance full of graves and memory that night rings with violence screaming dark gray surrounding a streetlight the acid from rain in my eyes garbage cans sound out a bam blast thunder hits close closer sweat drenched with wet not in Kansas anymore Dover dumps hyperventilation heart rapid beats bang boom blast Bing can I run away how long to wait take time bad time does he see me precaution stars pain stars black blue red stars crash on Street pavement up Daisy push them up through the gray brass lights headlights racing stop you'll pull away get up Daisy dog the dog bark Sikkim boy limbs tackle in by vigorously need nuts knuckle smack bell hurt the brain bang in scrap even through read pool of blood over the thesis sure coded in blood coated in blood count down to knock out flash to black out I return again two years us who have you heard who else have you heard how have you been how have you been hurt questions clues and knowledge disability check drink it all down fucking parents live in entrapment send them love to and maybe even this to what the fuck else am I left to do we've been to a rag on alarm instead of a companion instead of a fucking hand why I had you sick motherfucker in and smell the fire wood burning those houses across the street I see the smoke I should leave all right 1 foot after another and another question do you have my and service UVA are you burning in torments or flying with the harp in a halo halo never an apology should I have expected one avoided all my stairs in the court room decision nothing left for me here is the question for food to be a bad joke oh shit fucking

forget it I but I am not going to guess it needs space to exist Johnny Johnny where are you where are you Johnny interrupting his concentration he looked over and showed her to take a glance johnny Johnny where are you where are you Johnny someone be Willder and screaming out mad for fear of waking the dead oh the beards came running up hold a peaceful silence tradition oh holding both hands open out as a physical sign there he tumbled to kneel on the grass at the backside of the tomb stone concealed as much of his body he is he could make not seen in then began to burst out tears dripping down his rough unshaved cheeks and give us screeching eat unfamiliar each staff puzzled about what to do check this out I hope it makes you turn in that Ryan box you're in with this good deed of the day strolling over through the beards as he comforted that fear as he did this the staff demanded nicely for him to leave with his new found a quaint and the metal gate thing shut it close to the facts as they departed The graveyard what started as an easy-going pays began to speed up as they walked down the steep hill they headed down to an intersection where the property value shifted from suburb problem of condensed homes to the urban part of Dover where they feed off of fear welfare and take him items not to be but what by give no attention to traffic wrapped up in little taco code is topical discussions he went on approximately to talk about Lake fishing traveling to Shea stadium and wandering in the middle of the night on a weekend when I don't play runaround choked up in affairs and to not notice the rushed through car fumes city streets what a gym man I wouldn't know what to do ha ha how did you get out what this city are you still live there with my mommy we went fishing is what it is splashdown and I was wet and you know what what mommy told me to swim your mommy ever teach you to swim yeah I can do the one hand stroke all the conversations as we walked back to the home he talks gave reference to wear that to where is the B Willder from resided there were Hanstedt a local could grass but might confuse a foreigner donuts and coffee at the opera house in an apartment above another shop so one doughnut shop on Blackwell Street this could be a discovery for destination field Baker theater where the town had a pre-smashed into while driving drunk the town when time to sweep it under the rug and now I chain donut shop was there same structure in top sign which read opera house above the donuts one this strange man worked on in through the north jersey town putting together pieces of the puzzle the sun headset desk had passed the code our set a strain on the pupils thoughts to go inside the home safely safety the night up Road The night approached as time passed like magic tricks streets twinkle then like stars that you ended up at the doughnut opera house just over the busy city street was victory that comfortable apartment to weighted them there if he could be Addys hey day long insistence on feet like dogs tripping dripping with the bone in dangling in front of their faces and snow passing by automobiles panting with patients on the sidewalk from the corner determined ran on the pavement to the middle of the road there are you retain still been on able and on able to move yells came from the cars shouting out things that were not helpful to this scared man from an apartment window rose a small woman she popped out her chest she yelled out all the drivers there were loud and honking horn's no one else helped him he covered his ears with his hand and six so I was fed up and I ran into the middle of the road attempting to release him from his state tugging at his shirt so

hopefully the body would follow I am courage Tim to the sidewalk the driver still hung the way neighbors Johto their windows they yell loud about how they needed silence halfway about to say fuck it and lose my cool I remember the man was nine to play try not to blame the drivers pressured with their own insurance and vehicle drama why he provided space for this weirdness to exist I too can provide stays Stan Cohen exist why I need driver stopped in the road screaming people in their apartment windows pedestrian was working in their own little world suffering know what assistance the lack of tolerance we euros show the lack of tolerance we are so shallow The woman who popped out of the window ran downstairs and outside onto the sidewalk she posterior side many watering by without apology as she stood there yo this time it had more gravity nervously she directed her words to the man standing in the middle of the road it worked it melted the man's frozen be if you came in chanted with the woman's presence she stored over the store in our work to embrace her fragile body and relief mommy as I went in to the building there are odor old cuisine mix no I follow the man his mother up the stairs Phil says all over the wall among other things chewed gum condom wrappers say cigarette burns in what looks to be remains from spit the hallway and was now no one could extend their alarms and even halfway without it being interrupted as I stepped into their home phone it was clean all considering other systematic that atmosphere I was a homeless treated as nonexistence nonexistent but it's understandable considering how I just entered their home and have you say some unusual circumstances these causes these causes justify the woman's behavior and let me admire the copies of paintings chosen to decorate the room it's a personal hobby of mine to see and analyze and manifestation of questioning why would people put what they have up on walls in the end it's only my own manifest ideas on my own I miss using my right hand to paint pictures and posts are real form this apartment Russ together wish 10 wolves had paintings of seaports what I took from it was that it showed the woman's love for the ocean the translucent blue and a scape a scape from this wasted town I felt slightly uncomfortable so I sat down in the something Lovesee paying no attention to the TV and focused on such Wonderman new things with these old eyes this mother displayed discipline and explain to her son and gently same time why he should not leave from their home without being in the company of her and told how he injured her when he wandered out aimlessly he quickly gave up on trying to justify his actions because it is like a foreman OK I'll be there he specifying in the verbal contact switch made him think he would never be understood so with his knowledge he decided to reframe and desist from the argument and Andrew's bedroom without any introduction to who I was sitting on the couch Will usually happens is when people see that missing space or my right hand for us to whoever you know where thing and then they just block the visions of you the way that we started chatting or her son was entertaining ourselves entertaining himself by means they know not what was he doing in his personal she apologize for bringing out their family discussion and I told her to think none of the issue and live on explained who I was and how I came to grips with her son which led to me The story of how we met back in the graveyard word he was yelling out Johnny who is Johnnyoh boy Johnny that regretful day oh boy my two little boys were in the basement for our house before we came here and I was fixing dinner

eight no attention to that you know how kids are pain in the neck who are always bored looking for something new to do the find a new place to go well anyway it was time for dinner and I call no answer which was a first for my boys I always love my cooking so rain around upstairs and then he'll finally basement there I found a haunting Metairie them off-line unconscious from pain Johnny trying to paint the song at 12 years old my other son is in the bedroom now he ate paint chips he ate them and they loved him like the way he is now he wasn't like that before unbelievable at the end of her tail my face must have seemed like the face I got to see from the bearded caretaker of the cemetery when I showed him my metal pole she was in crippled by my reaction grief for her loss but instead she released her self pity and we talked for hours exchanging stories of all types of magic you it was out of sight changes that occurred that day it was like for me a rebirth of becoming aware that in my past I may of been OK person but nonetheless I was lost quite remarkable how we took responsibility and dealing with the verbal issues of being too wrapped up in noticing all others around we treated the talks with humor sensitively and did not wallow in the dark with this when we spoke of Life love and hopes of what not tomorrow but in general the future will bring to our fragile lives not selfishly I interrupting or making myself seem higher and I in reality I am not not expecting everything to twisted upside down and create a perfect world for me it's not worth that time it's not perfect noticing I had to work at making this thing more manageable for not only myself my thoughts wanted to that old phrase give-and-take routine boring freeze some night Siri impossible meaning send my thing but why has it live so long why has it lasted through the years maybe it's true you know who I am line to say anything some years later after the black hole incident lean back to my wiggling swivel chair to appreciate the moonlit houses trees in that one knows how to side I thought the sigh sigh inside my chest coming for so I decided to open up the screens of the windowpane when below in the outside air full of Han running where road tracks send night dwellers distant talking and yelling sounds of a little bar scuffle probably at Kings Street pub there's always something going on over there begin to listen and for all the noises coming to my ear even the tiniest of it all it was cricket screech for a mate I began to feel tiny is an insect what I was what I would never be able to hear would I ever be able to hear all the noise is this plant makes it one time tiny hole and free knowing that I am tiny joyfully I say wow life man Life cool beans if I got up from my oak desk and chair and exit the writing room of wrinkled up papers pass bio that unsuccessful projects that they were because now there is an exception now I feel like finally finish this project and it's entirety reoccurring confidence and loved and loving friend that mother and son and my relationship with them she was an angel at a lonely life because of her materialistic outside and a small Partman on Clark Street near Eastover and live together being engaged with content every once in a while David visited each other's parents are primarily they spend most of their time being implied she was a waitress and he was a journalist with the compassion for human life leave one room to enter another box shoebox in this case and be in the company of conversation is soon to be wife watching the two he interrupted her sitting on the couch and forming his news of accomplishment do I have returned welcome to have read to her so he took the response to his heart greatly but she off but she also added and

read it after she finished with her program she will read my product after she finishes her program which got interrupted with a month and I didn't feel anything or anger about it from the paper was not going to be faded in less than an hour unlike the programs in TV land there was an advertisement on the tube of the movie called Malcolm X a man over about against discrimination which would be aired soon on one of the channels of the TV said you know something the man stated send something like this always makes me say that I really do love this country Ha no why would you ever say anything like that in the movie it's severely shows how the system really does suck she question puzzling well because in this country we had the freedom for arguments to improve society such as showing a movie like mathematics but things we put up with day-to-day like races and rape murder poverty and corruption Will never be solved which is showing a movie no these problems are always going to exist exactly everyone has problems and everyone has had problems all of these issues she said have always been with us for years before as I've been in history we always have had problems like that but the world is not full of problems the world deals with problems or I think the world should deal with their problems you know something I am happy to be with you I love you too hon but you know what I just wish we had more time to spend together and just two hours and then have to go to bed instead of you staying up late typing out your thing do I detect a sign of jealousy or resentment because it it's resentment I must tell you I adore my typewriter almost as much as yourself my typewriter is the only thing now I can create my aren't support us with and for that I'm always thinking on it don't fear my love for it was only jealousy and selfishness of wanting you always to be with me hopefully one One and all of us do not forget and acceptance and love for when we do forget and disintegrate

6 a father's love

part 1 a father's love

OK you folks picture a newly made daddy driving home from work in rush-hour traffic at Beacon now presently driving away in the distance and unlike the very tall standing of the sunset writing off cowboy western shit miseries sticking like your funguses you know that shit so deep in your head a Q-tip can't come close knows picks up send cough cough car p.m. breath cough cough choke just make sure want to spend at least the error was clean evening cheesiest of them fucking movies course reality is not Indian killing prejudice backwards movie stupid humans can you come up with a compromise or example take present LA please share dare worse than here very very much is Captain closing the small giving one no damn warming up on the air-conditioning you're gonna I'm giving her all she's got weight sit back and enjoy the meal Miami beach house leisure and noise my ass noise I am decrease Constance and all these little car lines and it rained American hi way rush home all day are bunch of ants parasites feeding off the earth and big hands and airplane perspective that 012 Roger coming in now I don't just pop your corkage Charlie I mean I don't mean to burden to burst your blimp but I'm gonna give you a -3 for this whole place sucks the 11+ anyway you can

plan there's too many damn automobiles in the way old on a motherfucking shit second I recognize that devil in the blue dress how many mentality bitch you think should figure out a radio that or scream and Yellen doesn't do shit except stress your own self out to the max yes she's one of them times it's your own decision on how you want your boat to flow what gives you the power to interfere with other people whose waters stupid bitch get back to your fucking car all these people's little minds pumping hands a lot and she was horns and blasting blasted mindless fucking trendy music outdated in a month or less fact The volume can make me so insane lunatic at this point would leave up from the hood of his automobile and scream out something but say what some time my heart goes out this just too perfect ambition of wanting to vent but really why should tonight this is the only time I'll be in the presence of these drones I mean they're not returning home with me and going to mock me every step of the way and even as I live in in on the restless sleep but what if arrested and what about The possession in the glove box shit they don't give a fuck in fact I should light up right fucking now I have a listing to glass I love me car yeah I should dance on May car screaming out and scream and scream out I love you yet that would catch their eyes and ears and millions and how are there other out there never was good with numbers to see their reactions captivation either three types of faces that thing the shithheads would you be able usual offensive Pratt the drones wouldn't give a fuck in fact they just laughed in a few minutes fuel creative spirits would cheer me on safe to say I would get to graded it mostly yeah let's do it oh no Meehan's quiver that sign maybe to stay put stop at your act like a fucking queer an IB no no it's genetic the right none of my family is that way at shit I can see it see it guess what uncle and I'm a fucking faggot yeah if you heard straight I'm not playing all dick sucking ass fucking man's man guess that's better than being a child Lester Nonna I was just kidding I like that no I like them little weenies you know the ones who Wayne even got their pubic growth in full just yet why if you ain't mine and I'm going to depart on this situation because I got a day in the evening close door dark room between me and a virgin nephew and food and brand him some sausage seven yet that family would just give me praise and alleluia to hear that shit if I was one of them might give a fun time in with a News Family how could I ever oh I don't believe it what what tell me don't keep me in suspense now answer the baby stupid forgetful made my beloved that a new one processing cue to bed I has a face from Thursday freed from the woman's body reminder it's regular shit I'm sorry but if I was to do it all over again I'd stay inside the bitch drink beer and eat pussy she can swallow beer for me but it would be my moms con I've been living on oh well I don't even know how she looks in 3-D so why should I give fuck me only real mom in them photographic fake memories can't blame her if I was in her shoes I die on my dad to she fucked up my life but remember our child has breastmilk OK average it satisfies me myself yes she is a satisfying mother with the biggest balloon strapped her belly of course she's not crying anymore too bad I kind of miss and found that attractive bagel fat baby you know she be loyal nope I want to fuck her then even though it does give a little more blood pressure excitement and me it's still something I can do without she did lose a lot of weight since that shit out or whatever that was the last thing I ever saw what did I say oh I don't mind honey it would be good that I would be with you stupid fool I was his deal and

comprehending still extremely limited but who cares she doesn't give a plate have
pancakes stomach yet but she never did and they say birth is so lovely fuck you man
vomitus action coming aboard and then the afterbirth oh my oh my oh no it look like
rotten Chinese food first then bar but I held it and how was it done have not a clue but it
it was manage did so it was a done deal wonder wonder wonder wonder on those late
lonely nights with my wife in the future when leaf wind blows in the cool fresh breeze the
kid is off to dreamland having sex with fairies and munchkins whatever the preference
baby and I smell or he should I want to remain lying off to unconsciousness or will there
be some hormones leftover to turn over from lying down and get it up lately it's
frightening that pregnancy picture is one of the most revolting items in a long mother
fucking time that in watching and uncle take on shit on the people don't think about it
concentrate on something else SolarSystem back to friend Pluto Uranus Uranus oh
there it is again a shit no no not more baby don't fail me know why can't I control myself
it's a fact you can't control your own brain not true fact is a fact is a fact is logic where
would we be without logic ignorance ignorance is bliss is it shut up I'm careless about
the subject that is except for them because in so much pain I was in my life for my
honey mommy the baby being born for the infant being born into the wasteland of
distraction in sickness and in health do I cherish the Forest and I turn Eddie between
here in divorce yeah I should've married her idiot we didn't even have enough money to
pay for soup with the word 10 Texido something rest blank I hear something it's it's it's
the The beginning for our distraction Anquan a half an acre and a half and come on
asshole shut the fuck up just shut the fuck up with your fucking can't yes to and stupid
people hate them all sex is not going to be the same now never was all your fault no no
fuck you her fault know things change things remain the same like change back into that
frustrated person of my youth who fucked his sheep that's dark snow night with the
livestock farmer who decided to do well mentally tonight please do not come my way
this would be best the thing for precaution and safe to say at this wax burning evening is
to create succeed to the most brouhaha status in there there will be most definitely a flip
table with Swiss cheese ball a bit of dive velvet with catch up on me household dirt floor
from the frantic adrenaline decrease injured knuckles in the moving oxygen at that point
I can surely say indifference about catching diseases are eating myself show ruler 99
instead I'll curl of nervously shaking just maybe not fully sure just yet I may create my
log cabin into becoming a human roasting oven but I could change my mind as I've
done about 100 situations where you want reasons what part for my three or six month
and ate our separation my below sucking lady I finished off my last lamb chops for
dinner and so my field my home in myself are now completely empty in other words
and after all that time I'm still quite the ravage her rough Vaseline not that my other
doesn't satisfy me I just like to be alone sometimes and reflect on other things much to
be op. cit. of that time I would've given my life for a blowjob stupid pretentious my
lacking words what I even write the measurably content no I'm not starving but not
writing but it's a good thing that's not dig too deep into it just do yet my free hand but in
some ways traps and barricaded I didn't mastication just how independent in the world
thought he should be free had their average fucking shit drown it out with emotion you
know how much I hate emotion what do you know how much a lot oh shit here comes

the realization everyone he's a fucking idiot including mine dignified's elf number one poster boy realization wow I am or lack there of who knows father I have father who hates my new one for eight is the bar to my Picketfence dream house jail oh god why am I so pressed answer fucking traffic I fucking hate traffic good side 100 times repeat it Lori Foos formal down in apps OK then finally released on parole from time clock slave labor for fixing other fucks property someday I'm gonna run my own jaguars yeah and run over that piece of fat shit instead of his acid indigestion voice I will make something of my life it can happen just keep on saving get some loans from here and there along pops out another supreme first one in the family meal and auto supreme first in the family but what is not what if I become one of those beer guzzling ass imprint cat in couches brothers of mine does even more terrifying what about father fucked up dad MacBook scientific scientific correctness of jeans phone dad you know the problem with your kind of generation today is no fucking respect you see this is what I mean look at me piece of shit look at me when I talk clear I talk to you listen here motherfucker fucking hear keep you keep your mouth closed look you know what you know you ain't never going to be anything but a piece of shit fuck you your dad and I hope you burn you were a fucking wasted man not me not me not me I found it on your headstone but something help my back my fist from your fucking grill regret maybe you could have manage time to share with your own fucking kids maybe act like a real father know you had to give all us out the door and over to the to the most annoying people in the whole fucking world keep your mouth close while you're eating you talk like you Livona sore your posture is incorrect straighten out your back stop picking your nose rub your toes clean my corns I don't know what to tell you that Mike these kids are her Renda's I'm going to cry Mike I'm going to cry look at what look what you made your aunt do tell me honestly do you love us we took you with no questions to anyone and asked so very little yeah except the one he item blisters everywhere days toppled with all the guilt trips to make a giant foam why do you all have to be so mean to us why are you such a bad kid why do you hate us so much must've met I did get in a semi truck full of childhood disease disasters breaking the law but they brought it upon themselves being assholes they were what did you get what you give what you give what you get so true but truthfully I was pretty bad motherfucker but again on an optimistic know me was the monarch of my idiots who felt extremely uncomfortable with that with them in conversation about the opposite gender yeah we had a thief add some fun but also had some bad shit dammit dammit anyway remembering swimming relaxing at the bare ass beach and over near waterworks on the hot summer days the water wasn't so clean with all the flow and urine dead animals in the river small content stream filled with beer cans and beer on the side of pieces of railroad tracks at the bottom from the upper side of the slope which had the water from the roaches which was on the other side of the slow the railroad tracks fell to the bottom of the trash river of shit who is better than is staying at home sweaty and being bitched at jump in and of those to order running stream those moments of flight on that nonuse telephone Tarzan wired wire jump in from the top of the slope swing it off like go at mid air for splash quite refreshing second to heaven causes many accidents pathetic victims trying to prove their provide oh my flipping like there were a trapeze or something I mean you go up high enough that aqua

was too shallow like them imbeciles I did not do anything quite as dumb as that all it really was was getting fucked with so I beat him down take shit none no I was in your liar it was easiest time taking a dump when you're down with the diarrhea is stuff just comes out man and man Harwich it did but it will exit past man did it ever hurt for years afterward and I guess even no but that what happens when but that's what happens when I'm real pissed off it's better than being pissed on how many times did I retrace falling down the steps of those as Tech stairs I hate the start of series in progression beginning of battles flash backing the memory of the versions for Tracia take off your pants and bend over your kid in with me right man fucking joking right now you gave your signals your face was like and is a map I'm just following the correct lines come on as I want to show you something Watch the unwrapping a present and let me release my deliverance yeah I was a poet in some sort of twisted way not true not true you didn't say that he does sound better fuck you man fuck you I hate my life God damn you know Noah and it went deeper and deeper and deeper and as it went he began became quieter and quieter and quieter don't fucking touch me help me go back to the asylum mother fucking pervert you mother fucking pervert father taught I only listen there in 10 eight afterword the displeasing with the silencing sock in my throat and rain drops down on my infant cheeks never got the chance for a commercial break in this life wow am I chums were about 10 seconds away from seeing what's under my shorts and if they did get to see well that's just on comprehensible but they were away just feeding their faces with chips from the Frito-Lay company who made all these kinds of potato chips and corn chips and Coolidge crop cheese curls and all these kind of things shit through it and it out in a dumpster there are outdated their trips through chips when they went beyond the expiration date so us roaches being hungry and penniless went in through the back Cut in a hole in the fence and I mean of course until the day they put a fucking spikes in front ripping your balls if you decide to go through them which none of us did why are you telling me this I was there remember I don't know fun to say I guess what now sentence there is such a A type of side silence frozen from him so deadly so much pain much to be similar to my first encounter with that physical presence in the end no scream shout yell or even a simple now maybe I craved it but now I was too young to even define the word sex in my the capillary and much less love even to the present day all I know is how to be comfortable he never was comfortable was he everyone always mocked his posture and wave men's and voice tone for the high notes status in school where I got my brilliant hypothesis of his philosophy towards man I blame my judgment on Jim room hormones you can just feel the sex drive and all of them I was so wrong how could I have even thought that oh I was so confused kind of still lamb but of course ain't that bad I see so much more clear the more I experience and fuck up the more you know trial and error elementary shit his face with snow and his belt was still Janglin with a zipper undone when I saw them both arriving at the scene and still they haven't a clue about what the cause was for the fight guess they were just on caring for Zoli concerned with feeding their stomach with them selves but are we all just faults of the human race thank the colors above that he started the fight man my dripping red nose was painting after that in my head was full lines that's not grant him the key to the city or anything just a simple thank you do and I laid him out cold but when he hit the dirt my heart started

bleeding for him what did the two idiots do seeing me unzip slaughtering the kid just fucking cheer on man that kid had no friends no one to even lift his damage so up from the ground he hurt and I regretted it for years but thank God I forgive him for bed myself from the confessional so hard to do so much torture inside myself fucking priests if I told them they take me to a closed room behind table thing and let out their first ration on my ass I've read the papers fucking Chama Leicester's but all of the time they're doing it it be preaching to me about some inner self cleansing and I hate lectures no thanks man no fucking way I told god my own religion I regretted that did so much yeah I did it again of course there was one year intermission between The two activities two beautiful young ones destroyed strolling on back to raid the beer cabinet refrigerator cutting through the high school I think he was heading home from the bare ass beach and I was always going there in the summertime surprise by not as much as those encountered others sitting picnic style living in Grace reciting some dead guy to lovers nestled as one she was low lovely and I'm deserve by him human jealousy yeah guess we did surprise the appearing brown stains in his pants hey man why don't you just take off my shit look at guys that bitch is being selfish and slide his way out of her cunt I always wondered how a girl looked when he was trying to be a man fake words you never said that you put all his loose clothes try strength defending his delicate creature but it was outnumbered math is correct he got Miss used from the situation at hand or dick in it now out of the green dark Knight soccer school field I pondered how could he cope with all that gushing with the leather so sore in his mouth morning mouth I Sherry being squashed and ripped to pieces what do I do help or not I just did panting getting stiff the greatest turn on ever in my life I guarded the faggot making sure no interference I became overwhelmed with the routine and for any type of anatomy at that point so off we went into the woods the others didn't notice they were rock preoccupied got to the woods banged his head on a rock so he wouldn't be so uptight after that he was in a daze 1 million bloody times he's had it I took a vantage of so many situations in my youth now it's like I'm at the other end of the stick I didn't even get it and majority over the look of it much better he never saw my face The light was to our backs and in the dark coming over no one sees me and so I didn't have to look down so long man he must have had steel toe boots after he kicked my jewels prize of the orient race car smashed into a tree tree fell down and it stayed down that's what we need on this highway more trees tear down the walls tear down the walls all trees everywhere sal you Tatian to everything live primitive come we can all do it be individual speak your mind info so you can get thrown in jail with Papa Ha what the fuck that name makes me laugh here watch Bubba man I'm a bubble was was never never never never again when I came back limping with my cock and bull run won't and I gave directions to get the fuck out while the time was still good I saw her poor soul I saw her being raped forget it forget about it I know I should remember and learn and she didn't even look like she was breathing clothes ripped the shit either hanging by a thread herbicide are violated self lying on the Stanwood needle class such piercing agony I think I saw her in school other than that she gave up on looks no make up bag he eyes even wore black all the day weirdo I could've been her couldn't have was too late and dark thanks something for that the news was on for weeks on end but she couldn't afford the face

the detectives my chums never got over it completely I mean look at them both already
cons one on the streets living as an attic bun remember when I saw him beer do a
stomach piston near the railroad tracks he saw me but ran away the other man he stuck
up in asylum the probably has something else fuck ups they're all fuck ups go ahead
motherfucker cut me off dickhead I'm just here I just sit here and look like a dope but
wait till you A dead fish in your mail he probably eat it poor bastard I shit who cares and
I am poor and what is that not these people driving not me thinking nothing man fuck it
all I'm a rat in a black plague filth swore never to find a way out whole life nothing at all
maze of shit meaningless fucking nothing to hell with me then I'm going soon definitely
so many others emotions that killed a Dino take my soul way to somewhere I can't talk
see touch think or think or think what if none of it really happened I've noticed myself to
have a different past each time in dreamland know this is not blurred the answer to your
other present time how can I love anyone if I don't love myself the teacher said self-love
is not being full of yourself it's something else ha ha fuck it the movie at this bad flick I'm
going down sink and low now rounding them fucking drowned in water pressure pushing
me head and I got a headache this big how big and the ripple smooth out as we all
drowned anyone got a life saver but even if I do, Paul still have the Benz the been the
been bend over what does it matter why does it wrong matter to me I live in icy I feel the
water pressure he finally going on teacher know Rivers the ripple as will drown I know I
know it's on the tip of my tongue classroom teachers withdrawals drones wow it's like
she's a real person Victoria's Secret now just keep it between me and you you and I and
learn proper grammar after school lesson Loven 24 seven drip what everyone's has got
a fantasy every once in a while how how color filling can it be if I had a better vocab
you Larry rainbow sprinkles articulation red blue yellow moon all black black dog that's
me average fucking bagel I like butter with that if you please now or slut con snatch oh
women are whores and men to serve it truth that no one will admit to even though every
Man knows it no matter what they say and not truth your interference for thinking that
shut up stop yelling you hate me everyone hates me truth hurts you poor schmuck know
I'm loved by who then the balloon she is in and out beautiful one lucky and loved and
baby don't forget about the baby hopes to that one will high swing swinging shorts
either perhaps but may satisfy I am slow thinking of an inch here year and rules that act
as brakes on my desires and I knew that I had to get myself definitely out of that tangled
back on what if it winds up like me after him father fucked up him to die father fucked
him up to the father fucked him up bad to know I hate I hate loss of ideas and words
what if it does the same asshole thing you didn't get from my childhood and shit and
gave some actual hue human being Haviar your unlike kicking the bucket and cracking
the egg just says my little one that's it that's the only mother fucking true fucking sacred
situations on this planet Wyels so much pain given us we aren't kinky masochists
cutting or dicks off there are so many pregnant humans of of coarse both sexes afflicted
with taking things for granted on man I know you're saying that I would like to have a
captain ship wreck death I'll go down with my mistake responsibility in death wish it
would be fitting to be wet because I don't want to be dry prong like others I've
encountered not you not you you are beautiful wife thank you I have sends just as you
and I that's proper grammar but there is the purpose of our living here still unknown but

who gives a flying leap of shit it is not to become a star of the Hollywood walk of fame
it's if you think the Bible is here to educate us but failed because we are all human
centers the divine comedy we have choices to make which ever one chooses to reflect
and future this saying heaven it's karma that's why when I say whoever strictly deep
inside themselves knows there is a good person inside and out I talking about self pity
fuck as being victimized 24 hours a fucking minute so Dolin boring and tiring and boring
boring though were liars too fucked up in the brain to know what the truth is that anyone
a good individual in and out knowing themselves to be honest I am not honest I will be
I'm going to be a good father a good father with a perfect mother and a new one no
expectations unlike everyone else of my vulgar old self man forget that family routine
shit I got my own renaissance now to apply at my dad plus his dad plus who the hell
knows is worthless I thought plus I thought plus the thought equals I'm confused and
? scared always will be wow what else important can I think of now or now or now
What does it matter

part 2 a father's love

In the universe (the only known one)
In the solar system (the one with the sun)
In the planet earth (the blue ball)
In the continent America (the north part)
In the nation United States (with the red white and blue)
In the state New Jersey (the one with the garden)
In the county Morris (the wealthiest one)
In the town of Dover (on Elm street)
In the double house (the left side)
In the bathroom (on the 2nd floor)
-there daily cleansing routines get done by a brand new mother who is weak and
worn out from giving birth the day before yesterday

I am sixteen. The midway point between childhood to reasonability? Yet I have ran
out of time to have a free spirit. I am an adult now. Sweetest year of my gift from sperm,
egg, and God. Sweet Joke! Such falsehood!

Only gift I got was a whale of a stomach; I should have been swinging at the
playground- instead of spinning the bottle; well its easy to be reminded now; Just glance
towards the crib: for my hand that rocks the cradle is locked- to a ball and chain.

Was I deaf to advertisements for birth control? Now I am, the advertisement. Why
is that? How is being premiscumis a crime for only one gender? if it was reversed I'd
have some high status among bore and sow of everyone.

I've heard men beg on their knees for me to open my gates. What could I say? If I
told them, "no not today, do not come, in my garden."
After that; they would either; go off to their pals (preaching a lie) or make it evident: I
was one who verbalized more than I could chew; branded a tease.

Whichever way I proceed, I travel back to the beginning.

Of course the simple solution, become a female hermit, let depression grow, till it has overtaken your mind and soul and barricades your every movement heading out of home to be alone, or to be ridiculed.

Whichever way I proceed, I travel back to the beginning

Such options in this life of my sex! Guess I'm just a stuartess in a second class flight serving to all the penises of pigs and livestock; and so it is read in the good book bible!

My apologies lord but I cannot believe in those written words I'm just only living human creation, no difference! Of course expect for a rib or two!

But today, it doesn't matter how big your arms are all that matter how big your arms are. all that matters is how good a shot you are; Aim and fire.

I can think, feel, and defend myself against whatever... except society and a need for freedom. Freedom!

Freedom is only evident in my own personal mind; (which permits thought against "the big guy up there" if he created us why does he let us come to decisions, to think wrong of him.) and think we can... anything from blossomed pink roses to an x-rated flick with a bull.

But there in the looking glass, and here outside, This person will never be alone ever again; Companions and acquaintances may come and go; but my baby can't divorce me and for that I am happy.

If mood swings pass like the salt air, is my happiness only from a fresh formed section of myself that lies unconsciousness now. I am too weary to care the screaming. (hearing its fresh scream at the hospital was worth all the pain in the world, but next time, (if next time) drugs will numb my system.)

I know there will be nights, days, and nights and so many million times to hear whining by him. I should cherish right now.

Never again will I contain my own identity or selfishness Nevermore (I'd overcome the highest bound and die to ease my child's spinners)

I lower my head to my chest, gaze up my legs finally I may see my hair again

No hump blocking vision anymore but still, there is a connection I feel now, my individual has ended, but continues on and through my infant.

Its delicate beauty, lock jaw mouth gums, pinching my tenderness. Will his bite replace all the nipple twisting romance?

My need fall short before, my child, but after its youth and story with me (as I turn gray) will it be cats to fulfill my needs. I'll be too elderly to escape to a bar for a fun night stand or stand someone to grow dead with.

Could my gallant knight rescue me from this... dragon, and say..."it will be ok"reassuring me.

And, oh boy, did the father have fire breath.

All he was was an escape from loneliness, and mistake at a candle light mood late night at work so wrong and guilty; me.

And him, the man, the one I've obsessed about for so long (hidden from truth) and so supportive towards managing the baggage. He works so hard to have not a table spoon of doubt that there will be an empty plate at the table when he arrives home.

Mother said there would be trouble if I got in a relationship with him. She was probably just annoyed from the three year difference.

My lifestyle now, I'm utterly content with, but he is too divine a person to keep this from

Whichever way I proceed, I travel back to the beginning

How could I have ever done such a thing to him. How could I...? Who am I to keep skeletons in the closet. Really, but really...Who am I?

part 3 of a father's love

Congratulations its at that time friends, time to have the final event of the story where the guy and my mom meet up; your invited to hear their activities; feel free to mock their behavior for they are too concentrated with their own agenda. So they're immune to your rude comments. (but keep it mind you'll just be making an ass out of your own self) (sorry if I offended you but I at the beginning of my youth; I'm the infant with love for mother and none more else.) So sports fans; without any dirty diapers in the way on with the show!

Now presently entering the house (with slump shoulders trying to find a lighter) its the king of the castle, the grand poo ba, the bread maker, its the auto mechanic from the highway; and in this corner axing the lavatory, with a pumping heart, nervous fingers, and dry red eyes; its my mommy!

the guy rushes over to her, swings, left and right and extending arms gives her a

big teddy bear, cute and snuggly like, you know the type; the kind ya want to stay forever. She embraces him tightly (as if he's been tied to a tree with a rope around. Just like she's done as if she's about to break down and suffer long.) But she lets him go. Down she goes, sitting in a chair, and still standing, its the guy, who greets by saying:

Guy-

Hey (sugar pudding) wanna smoke a bowel

baby-

He causally puts the door in its proper order and throws off his shirt from chest and closes the air vent way at the bottom of the bedroom gateway. And the smoke begins to rise as the plants burn, inhale, exhale as day begin to tingle and feel a bit more, comfortable, and secure about themselves. No words get verbalized, so they look about the house luckily the sight of their home there content with feeling loose, laid back and a fun filled cool.

Guy-

Do you remember Mat? (he's da one really down to earth, right

Mom-

Oh yeah, he's all that and a bag of chips

Guy-

Ya well, today on my lunch break while I was eating that lovely sandwich you invented today; Thank you.

Mom-

Oh, You speak of my masterpiece by piece, my bread, turkey, roast-beef, bacon, manaysiose, lettuce, tomato, lettuce, bacon, roast beef, turkey, manaiiose, and bread experiment.

Guy-

Amazing, simply wow, thats the ticket, front door to back, but any, like I was saying; I was feeling my face at work when, Mat starts in... "now I this sounds bogus as refried rice but, it ain't; My uncle (although he's a full fledge dork and a half) has never told a cherry tree lie my entire existence! So at the middle of make out city at the Heading Park parking lot or something, somewhere else, he said, these two, coming together in harmony lesbian bisexuals were relaxing in the moment when this pig jumps out a no where, shines that flashlight stinging your eyes like, and tells them "roll down the window Miss. They did, and he was carrying on that they gonna get fined for lying with nature.

Now these chicks ain't first time bowel of fruit; ready to burst; they been all over the block, front, back, even in-between and there just bored to who knows with fake commitments they want to do something new and cancel the broken heart deal-of a

lifetime. So one spurts out “if you don’t, write us, up; we’ll go down.” That cop couldn’t believe his senses, hearts like a piston, and he’s feeling like limestone. He tells them hold on a bit, and runs off to his partner. He returns to reply, “Sure” and gives directions for one to move over, (make room for his unzipping) and check out to the other car. They do; no problem, what so ever. I mean what so ever! The partner sees her coming over he’s all tense and feels his hands shake, he looks at her, not a single movement, showing nothing but pleasure, she ain’t twitching he heads up to her chest and finally her head and guess what? Its his daughter!

Mom-

Oh my, oh mighty...its so hard to imagine their feelings or even, what to say in those circumstances

Guy-

Huh, what ya mean?

Mom-

Well, check this action, the daughter can’t do anything cos she was going to do the act

Guy-

Yup

mom-

and the father for two reasons: one; he said- Ok to that dirty deed to take place, and two, he raised her to be that way. Scary stuff isn’t it raising a kid, then finding out its a mirror reflection of yourself of yourself; its scary to think about!

Guy-

Ya its pretty terrorizing

Mom-

This isn’t a time to wonder, into that; we’ll just get lost; so lets change the subject over to any other topic. Ok...Umm...hon, I am so baked

Guy-

Oh, wow, yup.

Mom-

I completely cherish being at this state with you you, do , know that;... wow; that was ah “wow” tale.

Baby-

Oh, how lovely! their sharing each other’s saliva, (ah its revolting to watch him

neck with mom) but wait, mommy wants to still talk; it must be important to break such a mood

Mom-

Hold on, Please, this is hard for me.

Guy-

Hey, Go Ahead sweet, my attention is with you.

Mom-

We have had a tough relationship although except now, well now, for you anyway. Remember when we weren't such a fantastic couple and it hurt just to be close to you.

Guy-

Regretfully yes; Thank God it passed!

Mom-

And so the guy does with a completely transformed ora, he becomes sternly focused and uncaring towards anything except what will exceed from her mouth next.

Mom-

I lied... I lied because I was seeing someone; (he was only a piece of trash) it was a fling that lasted less than a month

Guy-

Who was it? Whats the name!

Mom-

Its not worth a gran of salt to acknowledge that question. you don't know him now, and , never will not if,... whatever, ok.

Guy-

Hold on for a second.

Baby-

The guy lets go of mom's hands, gets up and only stares at the far wall on the side of the room that has a picture of both them on vacation down at the Jersey Beach each other with the ocean.

Guy-

Ok you may continue.

Mom-

I gave myself to him, but when I left him, he has returned in the form of my child.

baby-

He puts her in view but desists rapidly, turns and walk to and fro, back and forth, until, suddenly, falls straight down to his knees then his shoulders follow; hit the floor causing him to lie in a fetal piston. As he lie still. mom put her head (hyperventilating) between her knees (as she was seated) and covered her tears with both arms. Wrapped around and wept at a volume I could even hear through my closed door... He laid there, then a estranged laugh came from the plush carpet, he stood up slowly laughing madly, laughing, laughing, laughing, went to her, lifted up her head from her chin and saw all her months of pain and torment hidden away so said gently.

Guy-

Now if you dare wake my child up, I will be forced to take drastic action and squeeze all the different emotions I have, into you.

Baby-

She clung on to him like a barnacle and stayed there for about ten whole minutes. She'd stay longer but got interrupted, so she had to get up and answer the phone before I started ringing.

Mom-

Hello... Hey my dear sweet buttercup, I can't believe you, you poophead, you still haven't got to hold my child...Well you want to know what sex it is, huh..? Well Congratulations, its a

7. I hurt if I hurt

We will now interrupt this regularly scheduled program to give you the following news update to Man were found at E. Blackwell St. in Dover New Jersey what is dead other alive and breathing that has a sketch of who the killer is further details at 11

An old boy grasping onto an empty wallet dollar bills raising the rug taking space up in an extremely dark lonely apartment as he is a boy gave no attention to them walking over to the television to punch the screen and flip the switch read to gray and blue as he fell to the ground praying to any higher power trying to repent. He then pick up his sorrow glimpse at sickness and despair in the mirror. Seeing himself they're having memory is about the narrow city Canyon and black lion homeless with a changeable bag game for any generosity by a citizen. Then one came by as the pretending the whole bowl pleaded for pennies sitting on cardboard slapping from the cold Gray and black sky lit by a street light down the corner where the Man came from

hey man, spares and convenience for the loneliness of the human race I trouble as " much as anyone around but do not have something to fall back on as I'm at the end of

".my noose

,"Here"

.The pitying victim said as he granted the disguise 10 greenbacks
".I hope this will help at least a bit for munching on a New Year's dinner tomorrow night"

and then, he was done, reaching out his arm to bring back the knife set a thin piece of" metal causing gallons to spell out oh my Lord, I was so amazed at seeing the inside of Man they gave me a sort of, breath of life, only, half a second although, outer beauty, magnificent change in his face. Total fucking Shockman total fucking shock. Total adrenaline to the peak, until that scream, God damn that shit so loud by my ears bleed and that screen my heart is so become, released, if Luna way like an angel and a sonic boom type of speed, Racing to heaven. Cars rode by without stopping, no lights from the houses sparked up, and I think I even saw a plane fly by noninterrupted noninterrupted noninterrupted except that motherfucking shit yeah he must've been out of his fucking mind, Must've been from out of town, fucking stupid, what a fucking stupid fuck, who the hell he think he was some kind of super stupid man you don't have to do things like that no one should do that hell pigs don't even like that shit, probably because it take the job away laughing to himself what a stupid fuck this night was so fucking cursed that corpse gave out charity I never get charity I never take charity I don't fucking want charity, charity, apathy empathy, fuck it, I'm the stupid fuck, I should've finished that jerk off before leaving he look like, I mean he wasn't moving oh god this feels like 1 million black cat crossed my path tonight oh well what's life good for anyway, no, no, he gave me money how do I return his favor, how, how I shouldn't have done ".shit I repent please forgive my sins please fuck fuck fuck

The man left the room to pick up the phone and dial the number because he knew the only true way to be forgiven was the Own up to his crime he figured an eye for an eye was the way the machine would see it after all he was the one who did the act and even he wanted to leave by means of a cough and how other people would feel would probably be far worse and less understanding. The young man could become clean he smiled as he was confessing to the pig operator feeling his bathwater starting to drop into the tub where are the girls would wash away. Suddenly, white curtains from his windows started turning red and blue then read them blew the squealing siren screamed out in his years they snorted up the stairs to his apartment door banging away with their hooves. Yelling out the procedure of his rights and their rights to smash open his door if he did not help them with it before. The old boys had filled with images of what he wanted to become true, that they would have been so pleased with him because he turned in himself that they would probably give him one of their spare donuts. Wasn't going to happen and instead they would beat him senseless just like what he saw on the TV news, so from this thought you ran into a closet trying something anything to stop or delay the issue he knew it was childish but he couldn't think of any .idea to escape what laid before his front door

listen he is clearly not insane by his actions if he was he would not have made the call""

his lawyer said to the judge. " you go out there and ask him anything all he Will keep repeating is I hurt if I hurt does that seem like a rational person to you I firmly stand on my judgment that no sane person would call the police laughing away at how they did the murder and then hide away in a closet to forcefully resist restrained by legal action turning him to return to violence and murder two officers who did nothing except open ".the door and asked for him to come out

The judge returned to his lawyer. "OK you're on her since you are dead set on your judgment I will not persist on arguing with you about it but instead I will ask you to think towards your wishes that my clients wishes are to have the death penalty his lawyer .begged to the judge

I have no right to play God

But before your politics always seem to fly over to the right wing why now you choose to be more liberal

He is not thinking of this world order the judge interrupted you have stated your opinion more than enough that if you question mine I'll find you in contempt

Your honor how long have we worked together 56 years, I think I know the way you work this this isn't the judge I've known and grown to argue with come to the truth for .our sake

I have already answered you and now I will ask you to exit my office now the judge demanded from the lawyer and so with no choice he left the judge alone, gathering in .his thoughts and ideas as he was left staring at the picture of his daughter

sweet little Kathleen, what to say now but that devil is dead and shall burn burn burn" below only now if I could return your innocence the only regrets I have is to not finding out about it sooner so I could do something with my own bare hands I would love to see that demon disappear oh my passion Woodflame for in someway I am evil I'm I'm I am evil not doing my job, but that is left second hand to you, my love all the sessions I thought would help all they did was harm you and cause you to see more and more of them counseling, shrinks, counseling and shrinks analyzing to keep going back to that day indeed I did force that quack doctor to come clean and clean he did every man needs their penny sir I have found out your daughter secret that she blocked away and caused her depression and suicide attempts and distance from you it was in her passed one of her counselors raped her not only once but over and over and over again dammit I thought it would help you cope with the loss of mom you would have loved her beauty as I do yours oh my I did have a rage for that devil but even more so because I could not do anysing for revenge and did I ever wanted but I couldn't find out where he was not until the name was read of who that young man murdered that poor kid you will have to live in regret but you have to understand I couldn't kill him I could never kill him

.in someway I love him, not for what he is but what he has done

In someway I am like him as being unselfish but in other ways I am not like him because in ways I'm selfish sending him to the crazy home and everything and then one way I'm .different but the same in phase but not meaning for I do hurt if I do hurt

And white walls of padding, they're sad a patient thinking, and wallowing in regrets of miss judgment and self despair by doing acts that were express through the subconscious of this chemically imbalanced brain. TV, media, and society were, I think the main causes among his neglected childhood were what permitted these acts, the patient has, through six years of therapy learn to, let go become a sensitive peaceful human being. And these ask this patient not only played the killer but had a lead role as a victim all his life through before landing in this place of sanctuary craved extremely the death penalty but as I said before through 6 years has the ability to not only to but as I said before through six years has the ability not only to say more than just a phrase but can't forgive anyone because he has learned to forgive himself and for this I can honestly say that I not only as a doctor but a sort of friend will miss him and will always .love him

As the nice doctor said these words in his office another man sat across from him in a cushion leather chair on a gray floor below the light blue world room where in the middle of it tears drip down from the passionate doctors words on the outside slowly grazing .down the other man's cheek

Thank you" what is his only response that the new and improved highly sensitive" retired killer could bring to his mouth, but inside his brain deep beneath the bullshit of coping skills trauma and abuse or any other shrink talk there their head such a pain a pain with range of pain which could never be driven out so ignore miss it could fill a brain for a whole life and yet so small it can't be seen naked by our eyes but can be felt .that he took another man's life who did not harm has

"and now, my friend, for last to prove it to you self test"

"?Test,Doctor,what sort of test"

The man said questioning the statement trying to hide his fear of his rage might come .out again and that he would become that child in the past

This I think will be your most crucial test, so, I think this will also grant you, the biggest" reward you could ever receive, with passing you will get such a satisfaction, oh boy I know you can do it I satisfaction about yourself that you will know that, you will be able ".to face that negative world of abuse

Well doctor, what is it about" The man repeated"

"It is a test that you will meet the man you almost killed"
The man could not say anything but held his mouth open anyway," look I know it will be hard, and you will have to relive memories in the presence of someone else's anger but
".after this no one will doubt your sanity again

The man knew he did not have an option to do anything but go and see the face he never wanted to lay his eyes upon again. The conversation ended there for the man everything the shrink told him was all just to reassure him. The patient man spent such a long time living at the mental prison, he could easily see what they did and do how they talk and the way they see things so clearly that he could see himself thinking the same way, and that's why what the doctor said, play no importance and furthermore, no help, to him anymore. As he was going to be left in the white room with one clear wall in between another space set off for the victim to talk without fear of harm one video camera so not only the doctors could interrupt with security if any mess have one about but also they could use the videoed people as guinea pigs to analyze and digest and their conferences leading after the meeting, and two chairs where they would sit being .at the same height in a passive manner just stare into each others eyes

well well well then, feet does yield for a turn, turn so tight that turned into you. My say is"
shark still from locking my eyes upon what I see that for six long years I have judged over if I should come here and follow through my family against my decision pleaded with me not to follow through but I did stab just as you to me and so forth I am here I am here and I came here to see an outstanding disgrace of a pedophile man who did not think before he acted and so his actions were those of a little child a little child who after six years is no longer a child to the outside but what happens within 000 my oh my the night the night we clashed left you running away I live that day so many many times I've tried to change the ending so many many times never worked instead I always wake up sweat dripping and feeling I was locked in an ice cave in a polar region my eyes locked that scar you left well now look at the score this job through through time and effort has healed in a place to rest instead of paying his debt his debt that not only to me or to those he has hurt but to himself and so still inside he is a child listen please I am sorry I have lived for so long I was wrong back then I understand your feelings but you I think do not understand mine shut up the other man scream to interrupt for his set plans of what was going to happen in the reform killer talking wasn't in the agenda time and effort time and effort and healing in my healing my blood Will not flea for you because it's been shared by you no pity from me and no cost to understand you OK God you you are a hard man to reach listen you must try to understand I've been reformed I've been helped and I have learned a better way to deal with things let me explain please to understand why why I did those things no no I won't even try to how could you even ask me to is my attitude different from what you get here? Is my actions different from the treatment? Is it just too selfish or unforgiving? Too fucking bad fuck you you fix man my right is justified unlike your actions you you you must be asking yourself why I did show my face here I tell you I came back to you to show you how fucking goddamn serious I am when I say that when you leave here I don't care how it will take I don't care how

long it will take who is listening right now and how hard it will be I will find you I will I speak truth if I didn't I wouldn't have arrived at your home you are A roach in a house finding a roach way out of his roach motel trap by eating and feeding off other insects in that house. To keep listening to that man who kept on injuring the killers years, the retired killer was overwhelmed and became a boiling kettle. You call me a roach, the roaches, were my only friends I named them, little cute pet names like shit fuck you and asshole the only time I found pleasure after my step masters punishment was when I was ripping off my little friends arms and watching them wiggle and wiggle around vultures can't feel pain so it doesn't matter they die does it now you know why because there will always be millions and billions more in my room now that I have grown up I see it was wrong to her I guess I thought that I was in a way above everyone or that everyone had no existence to me I think in some way I thought life was a type of horrible type of nightmare in the day following to the dark. But being here, and the secret escape from the cruel world of hate and people like you I have learned to forgive, and what is it, that you come over here for to tell me to remind me of who I was don't you think I fucking know I fucking hate who I was I was never shown love till I came here I had no reason to live before I came here I did not want to live before I came here but then you come here I knew it wouldn't be good you come here you yell scream hurt me and hurt me and hurt me I tell you I have change please forgive me are you you you you you have no right being here you have no right being there I needed something to prevent .my starvation why couldn't you just walk away just and not say anything

Because my friend I am not like you and your domesticated thinking you poor little soul you never saw love fuck you everyone hurts everyone bleeds inside I have been same as you I want to death same as you you will never get any sympathy from this bleeding heart I help the needy I even helped you how do I do this you ass this place gets run with money money money from people with Jobs working living fucking miserably you never had a job did you you only rob people with them didn't you and you started I pity you then not now now you feed you feed on people with jobs people like me or money our taxes just to keep you away from us as my warm closed up from you so did any remorse I could never give you you selfish shit the world is full of people like me I hurt you too fucking bad maybe you shouldn't leave this place maybe you should take the place of all the people you robbed wounded and killed you my friend bird never be back where I live it is a hateful place where people despise you selfish people but you're not a selfish person are you prove yourself do a penance for me take your life away then I will forgive you

Please leave please leave

No I want to talk more I waited long enough you will hear what I have to say you will hear me now now I've done so much work and trying to talk to you this is why this is my turn you never were in sane where are you you beg for death you didn't want it you genius amid it sick yes crazy no you're a fake liar murderer you're a fucking murder yeah now you hear me I heard you yeah in court I heard if I heard I heard if I hurt I hurt

if I hurt yes I've heard you now hear me as I repeat myself kill yourself to repent yourself
kill yourself

Buy this the retired killer gave up hope the victim was going to go and direction of
understanding and so the killer didn't speak under a sound and was left to think in the
square box of four walls worms invade I see nothing anymore for a blind my say
because if I do I must watch the pigs they are out there yeah pigs they're all are all kinds
I think one is in front of me I think one is inside of me I cannot hear for you if I do I will
hurt and as I sit here numb with no motion I refuse to speak or utter a word for I have
tried and tried and tried but nothing works well I hurt when I help I help if I hurt and I hurt
if I hurt or hurt if I hurt I hurt if I hurt words are worthless pain overtakes any words love
is pain pain is life and pain is hurt and I hurt if I hurt I hurt if I hurt I hurt if I hurt I hurt if I
hurt I hurt if I hurt, I hurt if I hurt

Security rushed at both sides remove the two of them one went forcefully swinging arm
so violently you would think he didn't want to leave taking five members of staff to send
a visitor through the exit while the other man went with two staff members caring them
out to be put back in the same part of the mental prison where he was six years before
when the visitors flight ended it last came from the pavement as a smirking face
bounced up and he put up his arms dancing in circles out of the patient's home like a
rotating cross as he yelled out sounding like a hyena another day another job done

His head filled with memories, bad memories worked out he felt like a feather so he
thought he could fly and decided to dance around a place he never thought he could be
able to revisit there he saw a man with nothing but bad luck in the future so came to the
decision to offer homeless some generosity, after all he was needy, and the man
remembered he did say he did help the needy

We will interrupt this regularly scheduled program to give you the following news update
two men were found at E. Blackwell St. in Dover New Jersey what is dead other alive
and breathing that has a sketch of who the killer is further details at 11